Ilyaas:

[Long sigh]

There’s a greek word – *hamartia.* It’s – a fatal flaw. If you lived a thousand lives where you started over and came into this world anew, your *hamartia* is the thing that you would fall upon every single time. For some people, it’s pride, or the inability to see things in anything but black and white, or the fear of losing what you have keeping you from pursuing anything more. For others, it’s always having to be right, or always having to have the last word, or never being able to speak up when it’s needed most.

Mine would be this, across a thousand lifetimes in Rhysea: I could never let go of Cassian.